#### MAGAZINE FEATURES THE NEWS SCIMITAR DAILY COMIC PAGE

# UNCLE WIGGILY

UNCLE WIGGILY AND SAMMIE'S MARBLES.

"You may have some of mine if you do," kindly offered Sammte.
"Oh, no, thank you," answered the bunny. "I am too old and stif to play marbles. But I'll watch you."

So Uncle Wiggly stood there looking at the rabbit and squirrel boys having fun. until, all of a sudden, Jackie Bow Wow, the puppy dog boy, cried:
"Oh, come on, fellows! Jimmie Wibblewobble, the duck, has a new boat, and he's sailing it in the pend! Come on!"

Oh, I must see that!" chattered "Oh, I must see that!" chattered Billie.

"So must I!" cried Sammie. And away they ran. Uncle Wiggiller, leaning against a tree, watched them go. They had stopped the game of marbies.

And as Sammie ran along to see Jimmie's new sallboat, a lot of new, shiny glass marbles bounced out of the pocket of the rabbit boy's trousers.

"Hi, there, Sammie!" cried Uncle Wiggilly. "Stop! Wait a minute! You are lesing all your marbles.!"

But Sammie was in too much of a hurry to stop. Or perhaps he did not thear Uncle Wiggily calling. Anyhow, the rabbit boy lost a lot of marbles out of his pockets, and Uncle Wiggily.

CHAPTER 76.

The Difference.

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure News-paper Syndicate.)

Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

New Estreida had all the characteristics of the born slattern. He's was something that almost amounted to a genius for laziness. And, like all such women, she was subject to futile appisms or activity at night. She stayed in bed most of the morning; seldom or never dressed for lunchson if left to her own devices, but about 9 or 10 o'clock in the evening she was able to think of some ridiculous task that had to be performed before she could go to bed. Then she would fritter away the hours till after midnight. Sometimes she merely felt impelled to arrange and rearrange her hair in some new colf-fure. At other times night would see her at more important work; as, for example, making over the neck of a blouse into a more fashlomable line; dyeing some bits of chiffen or even giving herself a most careful manisure. And at first Freddle had tried to sit out these sessions. He thought it was his duly to do so. He had, perforce, to be away from his bride all day while he earned their mutual living. She had as yet no friends in New York. Preddie felt with sympathy for her, that she must be very lonely. The least he could do, he told himself, was to give her his full attention in the evenings.

As a matter of fact, Freddle had bere brought up in a home where everybody talked a lot. It was taken for granted in his family that each member of it was interested in the affairs and plans and hopes of the others. Consequently in the evening Mr. Mason nok the hour or two after dinner to make all sorts of inquiries into the happenings of the day, either at school with Irene, or at college with Freddie. The four of them had grown very close in the nurtured idea that 'home' is a sort of little forters, the garrison of which must stand together loyally before all outsiders—friend or foe.

UNCLE WIGGILY AND SAMMIE'S MARBLES.

(Copyright, 1919, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

BY HOWARD & AARIS.

There had been a little April shower in Weodland, mear the Orange Ice mountains, where Uncle Wiggily, the bunny rabbit, lived in his hollow stump bungalow. But now the rain had atopped and out the animal boys and girls came skipping and hopping to have fun.

"Come on, Billie Bushytall," cried Bammie, the rabbit boy, to one of the squirrei chaps. "Come on, have a game of marbies." "On, it's too muddy to play mrables," said Susie Littletail, who was Sammie's alster.

"Too muddy for girls, maybe, but not for us boys!" chattered Billie, as he toesed an acorn up in the air and caught it on his tail as it came down. "Til play you a game, Sammie." So Sammie and Billie began shooting murbles on the soft ground beneath a tree in the woods. "Cilck!" Cilck!" Went the marbles of the animal boys.

happens."
"Oh, dear!" said Uncle Wiggily. "This is too bad!"
Then he happened to put his paw in his jocket, and he felt Sammle's marbles. A sudden thought came to the

bunny, "Do you play marbles?" he asked the

nies. A sudden thought came to the bunny.

"De you play marbles?" he asked the fox.

"I used to be pretty good at it," spoke the big-tailed creature. "I can heat you playing."

"I am not so sure of that," said Uncle Wiggily, cunning like and crafty. "Come, we'll have a game!"

"And after the game I'll have a lunch, said the fox.

"We'll see," thought Uncle Wiggily to himself. He gave the fox a few of Hammie's marbles, the bunny gentleman keeping some for himself.

"You shoot first," said the fox, "and then I'll show you how much better I can shoot."

Uncle Wiggily took a large blue marble. He held it in his paw and then he aimed it—not at the other marbles on the ground, but right at the soft and tender nose of the had fox. That's just what Uncle Wiggily did.

"Bing: Bang! Ker-plunk!" went the hard marble on the soft nose.

"Oh, wow! Oh, wow! Ow, wow!" howled the had fox.

"Ho, he!" laughed Uncle Wiggily. "Do you want to play any more?"

"Oh, no!" said the fox; "my nose la too sore!" Then away he ran, leaving Uncle Wiggily and Sammie's marbles gafe and the bunny was soon at home in his bungalow.

So this teaches us that it is a good thing not to forget to be young, and to learn to play marbles. And if the pepermint candy doesn't jump out of the window when the spearmint follypop tries to tag it, as they jump rope, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the sassafras.

to the common cause.

This idea Freddie quite naturally took with him into his new life. But he had not been married more than a month when he could not but understand that Estrelda was not interested in anything he did, unless it directly and personally concerned her. He had tried telling her of some new readjustment in his office that promised to save much labor, And his talk had come haltingly to a close because of the utterly blank expression on his young wife's face. Then he had tried asking her of her day: 'how much she had socomplished: 'what she had found to interest?' These questions of Freddie's, ifstreida had thought, came from some suspleion of her. She had resented them accordingly. She had snapped out rude answers to tham, or had not answered at all. And thus, in short order, the home evenings of Freddie and his bride had degenerated into a kind of 'death watch.' Estreida busied herself with her silly tasks, absorbed. Freddie either read or, pinoning himself to remain awake, waited dutifully until such time as she would grow weary and would be willing to put out the lights.

He missed his friends; he missed the brisk walks on Riverside drive after dinner, which he always had been at liberty to take if his head-felt "stuffed" or dull. He missed the simple and good food to which he was accustomed. Estrelda was nightly given to "fancy dishes;" "celaire" bought at cheap bakeries, the "patties" and "culters" bought half cooked. He missed cruelly the intejchange of ideas with other brains as eager to progress as was his own. At home they always had spoken of "the president" as though he personally belonged to them, was caring for them especially. They worried over him if they thought him overworked; quite simply they prayed God to help him find the right way to lead their country in times of stress or hewilderment. It was all so clean, so good.

And, most of all, Freddie missed his little sister and his mother so that, night after night, his jaws ached with clenching them upon his longing.

WHO'S TO BLAME

ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON

Each home is a little fortress which can not fall if only the garrison within are loyal to dach other and to the common cause.

#### Bringing Up Father-By George McManus







Copyright, 1818, by International News Service.)

## LITTLE MARY MIXUP-Mary Really Believes in Signs!

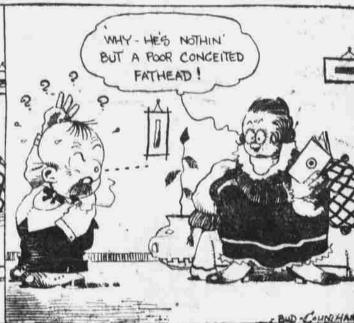




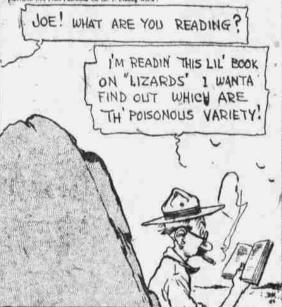


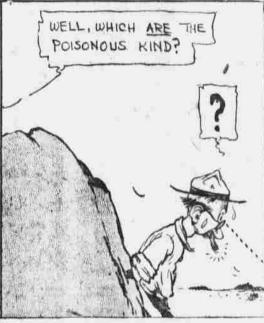
#### THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY-Now, Luke, Don't You Feel Comforted?





# JOE'S CAR-Evidently Joe Doesn't Want to Find Out by Experience!









#### DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX, The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

WHY SOME WOMEN DON'T MARRY.

A man is greatly disturbed because he thinks in coherence that women are davelouing a tendency toward cellbox. Grawled to marriage as the crowding glovy of their lives, and he considers that stitude toward the braid should be compared the stitude toward the braid should be compared to be not difficultly in presentating any making my compared to be not difficultly in presentating any making my compared to be not difficultly in presentating any making my compared to be not difficultly in presentating any making my compared to be not difficultly in presentating any making my compared to be not difficultly in presentating any making my compared to the stitute of the stitute



KENNETH M. Goode. EDITOR HEARST'S Magazine. MY DEAR Ken. IN HEARST'S for April. YOU STARTED a story. BY ARTHUR Somers Roche, AND IT'S a mystery story. AND THERE are crimes committed. AND MY wife has read it. AND SHE had me read it.

AND EVER since then.

SHE KEEPS arguing with me. ABOUT WHOEVER It was. THAT COMMITTED the crime. AND IT'S the second time. THAT ARTHUR Somers Roche. GOSSIP (REG. U.S. PAT. 4987) BY K.C.B.

AND THE last time. WE WERE up in Boston. AT THE Toursine hotel. AND IT was a murder story. IN ONE of the magazines.
AND WE both read it: AND THE installment ended. AT A most exciting place. AND JUST at the moment. AND I was so sore:

HAS DISTURBED our household. THEY WERE going to gatch the

I COULD have et the magazine. AND MY wife and I. WE TRIED to figure it out. AND WE couldn't agree.

TO THE telegraph office.
IN THE hotel lobby. AND WROTE out a telegram. TO ARTHUR Somers Roche. AT THE Majestic botel. IN NEW York city. AND SAID: "CAN'T WAIT until next month. "MUST KNOW at once. "WHO MURDERED the judge." AND ARTHUR wired back: "FIGURE IT out for yourself. "THAT'E WHAT I had to do." AND TWO weeks later. I SAW him in New York. AND THEN he told me. THAT HE wrote the whole story. EXCEPT THE last chapter. WITHOUT HAVING any idea. WHO COMMITTED the murder.

AND PT nearly drove him crazy. TRYING TO figure it out. IN TIME for publication. AND I'M writing you now. JUST TO give you warning, ABOUT THE way Arthur works.

AND I know him very well. AND HE'S careless with his auto. AND IF I were you. I'D MAKE him tell me right away.

THE NAME of the criminal. IN THE story you're running. BECAUSE IF you don't. SOMETHING MIGHT happen. AND NOBODY'D ever know.
AND IF you can find out. I WISH you'd slip it to me. BECAUSE I have a chance.

TO MAKE a bet with my wife. YOU'D THINK she wrote the story. THE WAY she talks. I THANK you.

#### HUNTSVILLE MAY BUILD MUNICIPAL ABATTOIR

HUNTSVILLE, Ala., April 11. (Spl.) A 30-day suspension of the ordinance forbidding the butchers of Huntsville to kill their meat animals except in an abattoir has been granted by the city council. In the meantime a committee of aldermen will investigate the matter of having the city build and operate an abattoir at except of about \$15,000. It is believed that a bond election will be called so that a bond election will be called so that a bond may be issued to provide the increasary funds. forbidding the butchers of Huntaville

## HOROSCOPE

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1919. (Copyright, 1919, by the McClure News-paper Syndicate.) paper Syndicate.)

Jupiter rules powerfully for good today, while Neptune is in benefic appear,
according to the reading of the stars.
It would seem that business is to be
very active, new avenues of commerce
opening and great enterprises being
started but the evil reflection of the
Mars influence may retard certain
plans.

Mars influence may retard certain plans.

Bankers, brokers and all who finance big projects will be much in demand, it is prognosticated, but surprises of some sort are foreshadowed. These may cause sinister rumors but they will not have serious effect, the seers predict.

Neptune is in a place making for clearer vision and kindler judgment than is common as a rule. Some event that will lend perspective to war views is presaged by the stars.

This should be a fortunate day for starting on an ocean journey as it makes for the attainment of heart's desires.

The occult world is to be explored by scientists and startling discoveries will be announced, it is forebal.

There is a sign interpreted as giving promise of the establishment of community clubhouses everywhers. These will take the place of salcons and cabarets and will become national institutions.

The king of Belgium cames inder